

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

AUGUST
No. 21

COMICS

10¢

EXTRA!
BLACKHAWK
DESTROYS
VON VOLTERR
THE TERRIBLE

FEATURING
PRIVATE DOGTAG
PT BOAT
THE SNIPER
SECRET WAR
NEWS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

THE GREEDY GRASP OF
TYRANNY IS UPON
EUROPE, AND RAMPARTS
OF EVIL CHALLENGE THE
FREE-BORN PEOPLES OF
THE WORLD TO DISPUTE
NAZI CRUELTY IF THEY
DARE!...

AND THERE ARE THOSE
WHO DO DARE, WHO
NEVER REFUSED A DARE
YET -- THE
BLACKHAWKS---
MESSENGERS OF
DESTRUCTION TO ALL
EVIL AND
INJUSTICE!

BLACKHAWK

**A GALA DAY IN THE
HEART OF NAZILAND...**

READY TO OPEN
THE HANGAR,
MEIN FUHRER?

READY!!



SEE! IT ROLLS
OUT — BIG AS A
BATTLESHIP, DEADLY
AS A PLAGUE!

THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON
OF DESTRUCTION IS ABOUT
TO BE LAUNCHED —



SEE! IT TAKES
THE AIR —
INVINCIBLE!

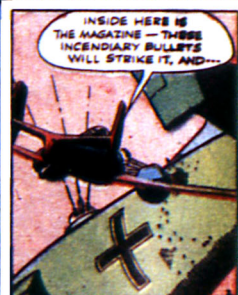
BUT WHAT
ARE
THOSE?

AS THE MONSTER AIRCRAFT RISES,
SEVEN DEADLY LITTLE RAIDERS
SPED TO THE ATTACK! —
THE BLACKHAWKS!

CENTER YOUR
FIRE ON
VITAL
SPOTS!

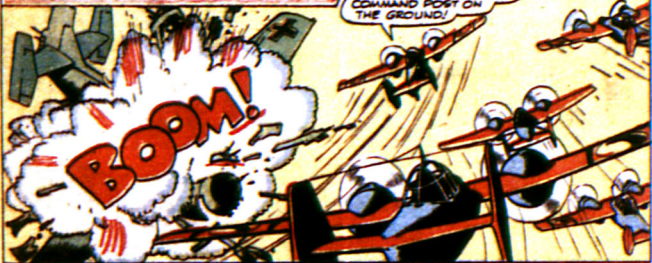


INSIDE HERE IS
THE MAGAZINE — THESE
INCENDIARY BULLETS
WILL STRIKE IT, AND...



A MIGHTY EXPLOSION — AND THE TRIUMPH OF NAZI CUNNING IS A FLYING MASS OF JUNK!

QUICK! REFORM AS BOMBERS! ATTACK THE COMMAND POST ON THE GROUND!



ALWAYS THE ACCURSED BLACKHAWKS!

QUICK, MEIN FUEHRER! — TO THE AIR RAID SHELTER!



THE BLACKHAWKS! YOU KNOW THEM WELL, AND SO DO THE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY — TOO WELL! AS THEY RETURN TO THEIR ISLAND STRONGHOLD ...

GATHER 'ROUND! ANDRE HAS A NEW VERSE TO OUR WAR SONG!



LET THE TYRANTS GIVE AN EAR! WE WILL FILL THEIR SOULS WITH FEAR — WE ARE THE BLACKHAWKS!

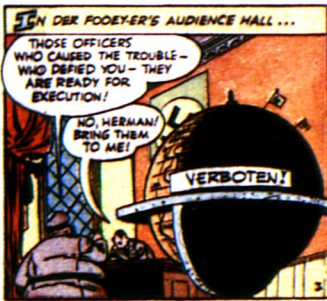


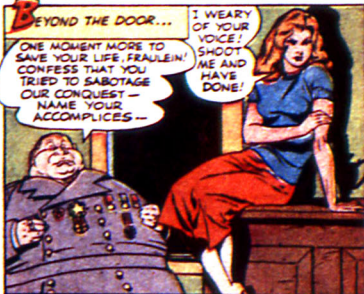
IN DER FOOEYER'S AUDIENCE HALL ...

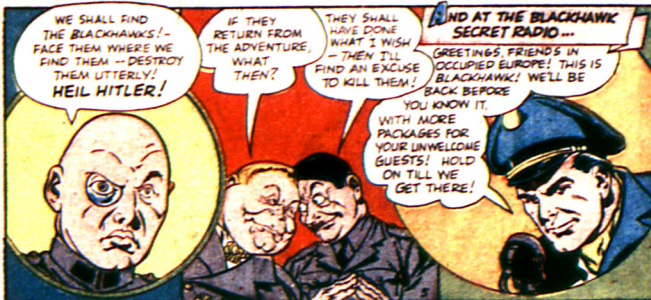
THOSE OFFICERS WHO CAUSED THE TROUBLE — WHO DEFIED YOU — THEY ARE READY FOR EXECUTION!

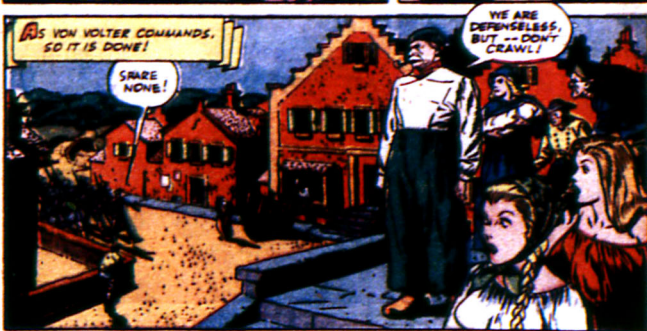
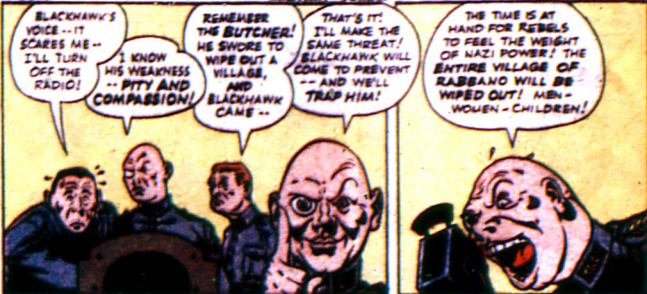
NO, HERMAN! BRING THEM TO ME!

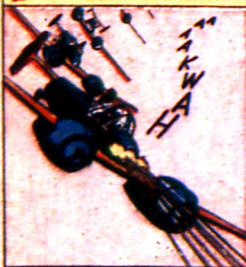
VERBOTEN!







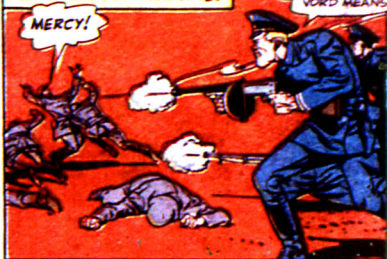


ENTER — *The Blackhawks!*

GOOD WORK,
CHOP-CHOP!
SAVE A LITTLE
OF THE FUN
FOR ME!



TERROR-STRICKEN, THE NAZIS TRY TO ESCAPE — TOO LATE!



YOU DO NOT KNOW VOT DE VORD MEANS!

YOU'RE SAFE! WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF REACH OF THE NAZIS AS SOON AS WE CAN START UP OUR PLANES!

WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT THE BLACKHAWKS WOULD SAVE US -- 'WAIT'!



HAVE YOU NOT WONDERED WHY THIS VILLAGE WAS CONDEMNED TO DESTRUCTION?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT?



IT IS A LONG STORY — A STRANGE ONE, TOO — BUT COME WITH ME!

OF COURSE! LEAD ON!



IT'S DARK IN HERE!

NO DARKER THAN THE SECRET I SHALL DISCLOSE!

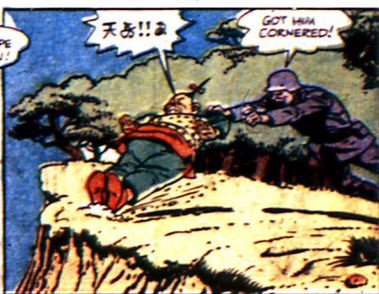


ONLY A LITTLE WAY BEYOND HERE...

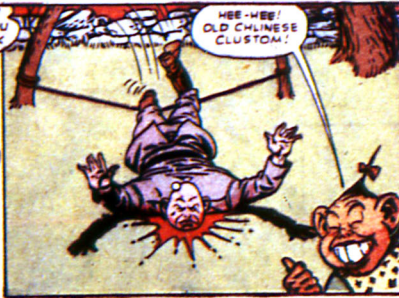
WAIT! TELL ME FIRST WHO YOU ARE!

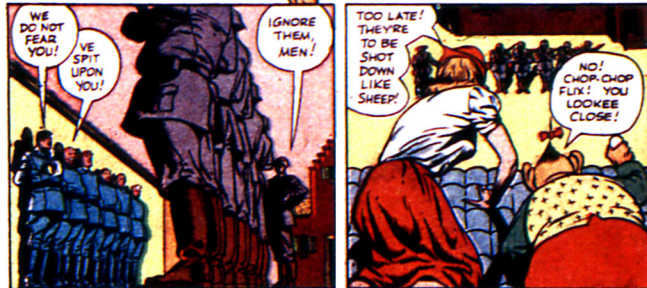
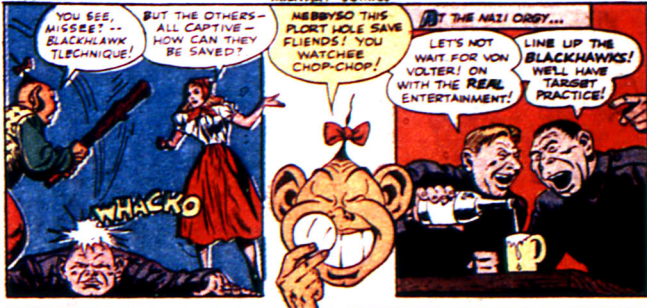


TO MY FUEHRER, I AM VON VOLTHER! TO YOU I AM DEATH!



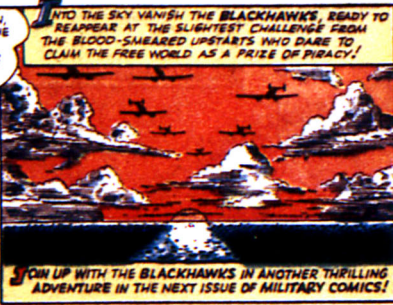
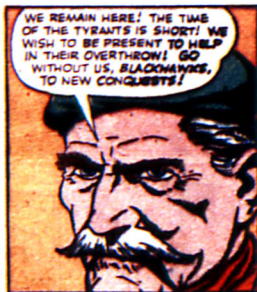












JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

WHAT'S
SO
FUNNY,
SERGEANT?

DOUGHBOYS UP THERE!
I HAD HIM TRANSFERRED
TO THE PARACHUTE
TROOPS TO GET
HIM OUTTA
MY HAIR!

THE SERGEANT
SAID NOT TO WORRY
--I'M SO LIGHT-HEADED
I'LL PROBABLY FLOAT
AROUND FOR WEEKS!

READY, MEN,
FOR YOUR FIRST
PRACTICE JUMP!

OKAY!

DONOVAN ---
THEN
DOUGHBOY!

GE-RONIMO!

GO ON, SAMP-
JUMP!

WAIT! I FORGET
WHAT TO HOLLER!

SITTIN' BULL!
HIAWATHA!
POCAHONTAS!
HELP!

SHE'S OPENED!
WOW!

AND THE
WHOLE
SAHARA
DESERT TO
LAND ON!

A
MILLION
SQUARE
MILES OF
LEVEL
SAND!

BOY: AM I
SITTIN' PRETTY!

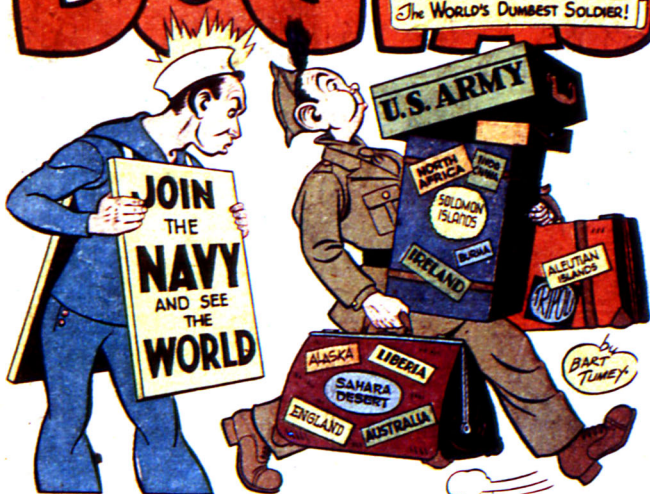
OW!

?

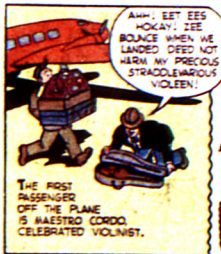
PRIVATE

DOGTAG

The World's Dumbest Soldier!



PPRIVATE DOGTAG, AS AN AIDE TO COLONEL BRETT, HAS FLOWN TO THE SLEEPY SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC OF ARGENTINA. COLONEL BRETT IS ON A SECRET DIPLOMATIC MISSION...

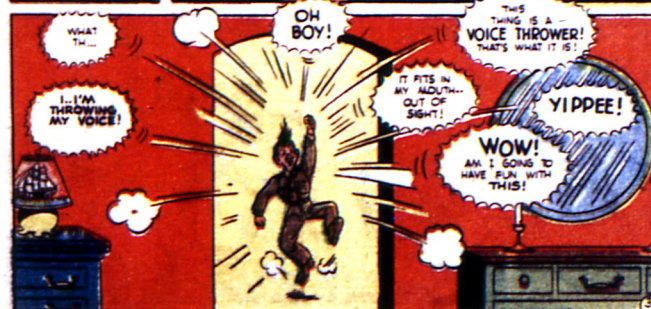
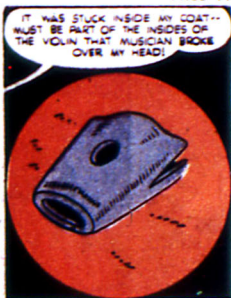


THE FIRST PASSENGER OFF THE PLANE IS MAESTRO CORDO, CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.

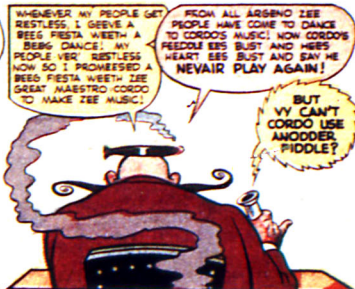
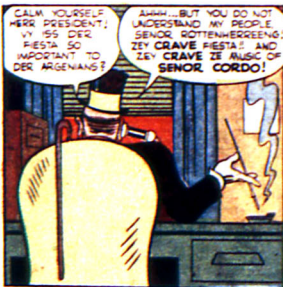
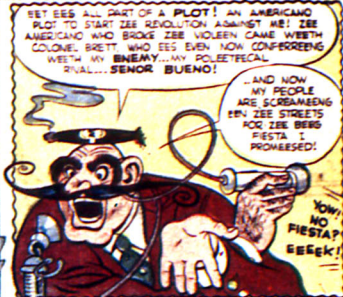
CRASH



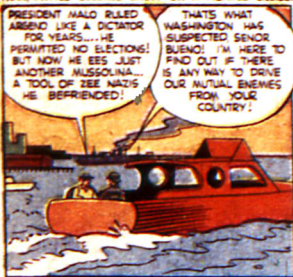




HERR
ROTTEN-
HERRING,
THE GERMAN
AMBASSADOR,
RECEIVES A
PHONE CALL
FROM
MALO,
EL
PRESIDENTE
DE
ARGENO.



MEANWHILE, SENOR BUENO, POPULAR ARGENTINIAN STATESMAN, INVITES COLONEL BRETT ON A FISHING CRUISE.



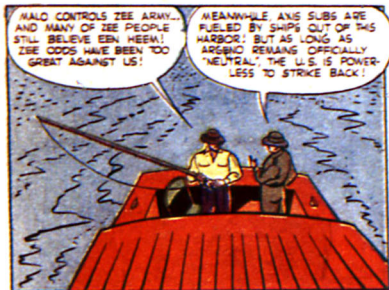
PRESIDENT MALO RULED ARGENTINA LIKE A DICTATOR FOR YEARS....HE PERMITTED NO ELECTIONS! BUT NOW HE EES JUST ANOTHER MUSSOLINA...A TOOL OF ZEE NAZIS HE BEFRIENDED!

THAT'S WHAT WASHINGTON HAS SUSPECTED SENOR BUENO! I'M HERE TO FIND OUT IF THERE IS ANY WAY TO DRIVE OUR MUTUAL ENEMIES FROM YOUR COUNTRY!



YOU ARE A POWERFUL MAN HERE, SENOR BUENO! IS THERE NO WAY TO COMBAT THE NAZI LEECHES?

I FEAR NOT! WOULD MEAN A BLOODY AND PERHAPS FUTILE REVOLUTION FOR MY FOLLOWERS, SENOR!



MALO CONTROLS ZEE ARMY...AND MANY OF ZEE PEOPLE STILL BELIEVE EEN HEEM! ZEE ODDS HAVE BEEN TOO GREAT AGAINST US!

MEANWHILE, AXIS SUBS ARE FUELED BY SHIPS OUT OF THIS HARBOR! BUT AS LONG AS ARGENTINA REMAINS OFFICIALLY 'NEUTRAL', THE U.S. IS POWERLESS TO STRIKE BACK!



BUT ASHORE, DOSTAG DISCOVERS...

A NAZI ORATOR! HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN WITH MY VOICE THROWER!



GERMANY HASS HAD A FEW MINOR SET-BACKS IN DER WAR, BUT DER FINAL VICTOR VILL BE...

DER UNITED NATIONS!



TRAITOR! DISB 155 BEING BROADCAST ALL OFFER ARGENTINA!

BUT I DID NOT SAY DOSE LAST VORDS!

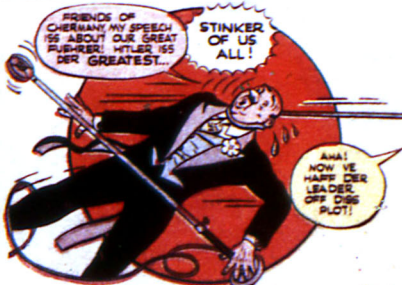
VE HEARD YOU! DER GESTAPO 155 NEFFER WRONG!



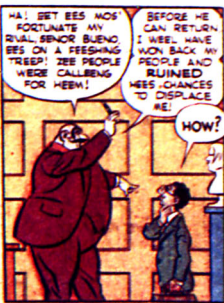
VOT DER FORMER SPEAKER STARTED TO SAY VAS DOT DER UNITED NATIONS VILL...

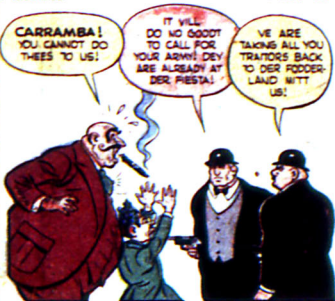
LICK DER DRAWERS OFF HITLER!

BRAVO!









FATE FIGHTS *for* FREEDOM

JUDAR BEN KHALED was young, slim, brave—and pro-Ally. He stood, in the center of the endless sands of the Sahara—alone, treating his Nazi captors as if they did not exist. They grimaced around him.

"For the last time, you Arab dog," growled the burly major of the panzer detachment, "tell us from which way the Americans will strike at our retreating columns. We know your tribe has showed them water holes and trails—you must have learned at least part of their plans. Speak, or die!"

Judar spoke, but not to the Nazi. He raised his eyes to the hot sky. "Fate rules all lives," he half-chanted. "We tread the steps appointed for us. Such is the belief of all true Arabs."

The Germans snorted and cursed, and one lifted a pistol. The major dashed it aside.

"The man is brave in his own stupid belief," he said, "but, if he will not speak to save himself, he may speak to save others. His tribe is camped not far away—the track of his horse from the spot where we captured him will lead us to the camping ground. And we shall destroy every man, woman, and child unless we learn what we wish to learn."

"Fate governs tribes as well as men," said Judar, again to the sky and not to the Germans.

"What will happen, will happen."

"Throw him and bind him," ordered the major. Three soldiers wrestled Judar down—with difficulty, for he was strong—and spread-eagled him, face upward. They drove stakes into the sand, and fastened his wrists and ankles securely. Smothering heat, blinding light, beat upon Judar's upturned face.

"Let him wait here in the blazing sun until he has thought it over," said the major. "Meanwhile, we shall locate his people. If the captive does not speak then, they shall die in the well-practised Nazi way."

As the Germans walked toward their parked trucks and tanks, a captain spoke to the major.

"You will make that trade with the Arab, mein herr? The lives of his brothers for his information?"

The major shook his head. "What idiocy! We shall find them, kill them all—but he will not know it. He will think them still alive, and fear will unlock his lips at the last. Come on."

Judar's lips were dry, his throat felt ready to close up, his eyes blazed even when he closed them. An eternity had passed, and he did not speak except to pray. At length, he heard the rumble of a motor far off, then closer, then silence. Feet tramped near. A

pair of figures knelt beside him.

Judar spoke, huskily but steadily: "Fate is the true belief, the moulder of destinies. The superior man knows this, and scorns fear or trickery."

"The poor devil's crazy," spoke a voice, not German.

"Cut him loose and give him water," directed another, and Judar felt himself lifted. A cup was held to his tortured lips. He gulped greedily, and looked at his rescuers.

Beyond the two who supported him were others—men in dark blue, with visored caps, each wearing upon his chest an insignia of a hawk's head, a sign feared by all men of the Axis and hailed by all of the Allied Nations—even Judar had heard of them.

"You!" he managed to say. "You are the BLACK-HAWKS!"

"Right, my friend," said one who seemed to be their leader. "I'm Blackhawk himself. The big blond man is Olaf, the one with the small moustache is Andre—yonder are Henderson, Chop-Chop, and the others. But what coward and torture-expert tied you here to roast in the sun?"

Judar drank more water, and told his story. The men in blue listened intently, and when he was through they nodded to each other. Blackhawk addressed Judar once again.

"They said they would try to find your tribe's encampment? They left to do that?"

"Yes. The sun was just reaching the roof of the heavens."

"Just before noon, eh?" Blackhawk consulted his watch. "Two hours ago. And how long will it take their panzers to reach the camp?"

"Three hours, perhaps. The trail is soft for heavy motor-ing."

Blackhawk turned to his friends. "We have still an hour. And an hour is enough to do wonders, eh? Suppose we trap these Nazi sun-torturers!"

A cheer of hearty enthusiasm greeted his words. He turned back to Judar.

"Did you ever fly in a plane before, my friend? No? Well, you've got a little thrill coming to you. Come and ride with me, and point out the way to the camping place of your tribe."

The party hurried to where the planes of the Blackhawk squadron were drawn up on a level stretch of sand.

The Nazi Panzer detachment halted again, behind low dunes. The major sent out scouts, who peered from the crests of the sandy knolls, and returned to say that tents were pitched around a cluster of palms just ahead.

"The camp of those Arabs who help our enemies," decided the major. "We'll destroy them like so many flies, and there'll be no more native guides to lead the Americans after us. That will please Marshal Rommel, and the Fuehrer himself."

"Heil Hitler!" dutifully re-

sponded his subordinates.

"Not so loud. We want no warning to reach the Arabs. Let the tanks and trucks be corralled here, under a small guard. Form the rest of the command as infantry, and at my command open fire from this side on the tents. Use rifles and sub-machine guns. Any questions? Then move out."

Stealthily the rifle sections moved into position. Under the eyes of their non-commissioned officers, they prepared to fire. The major checked up hurriedly.

"Commence firing!" he cried, and blew a signal blast on his whistle.

The crash of gunfire rang across the desert. The tents danced and reeled under the impact of bullets. The major stared.

"Why does nobody run out?" he demanded, and again blew on his whistle. "Cease firing! Fix bayonets! Charge!"

With a yell the gray line leaped up and forward. A spurt of speed, and they reached the silent clump of tents. Into one tent poured soldiers, into another, and another. An officer hurried toward the major, his face blank.

"The camp's deserted, mein herr!"

"A trick of some kind? What—"

The answer came from the sky. A mighty rumble of motors, and down from the heights where they had hovered too far away to see, dropped the planes of the Blackhawks.

Machine guns chattered

their message of destruction, mowing down Germans like wheat. A well-placed bomb struck the place where the major and his two chief subordinates stood, and not enough was left of them to identify. Other Germans tried to run—in vain. The low swooping planes machine-gunned them easily.

The guard at the parked machines heard the sound of disaster, and whirled to take refuge behind the stout metal tanks and trucks. But from behind poured a new menace—the men of the Arab encampment, grim and joyous, aiming ancient but serviceable muskets and rifles.

Not a German got away. The few who survived were glad of a chance to surrender.

There was feasting and friendship in the camp after sunset.

"Not a bad day's fortune for your people, Judar," said Blackhawk as his Arabian friend poured strong, hot coffee into his brass cup. "We had only moments to work, but they were enough. All the people whisked away into hiding—the tents left to collect a few bullet holes and concentrate the enemy for an attack—and a target. And you now have plenty of new weapons and other plunder, as well as prisoners to give your American friends and gain praise."

"Fate directs all mankind," said Judar. He drank coffee from his own cup. "Yes, fate is master of men—but Allah is master of fate, and makes it serve on the side of those who fight for the right!"

A JAP RADIO ANNOUNCER IN
TOKYO HAS MOMENTOUS NEWS

DEATH PATROL

by GILL
FOX-

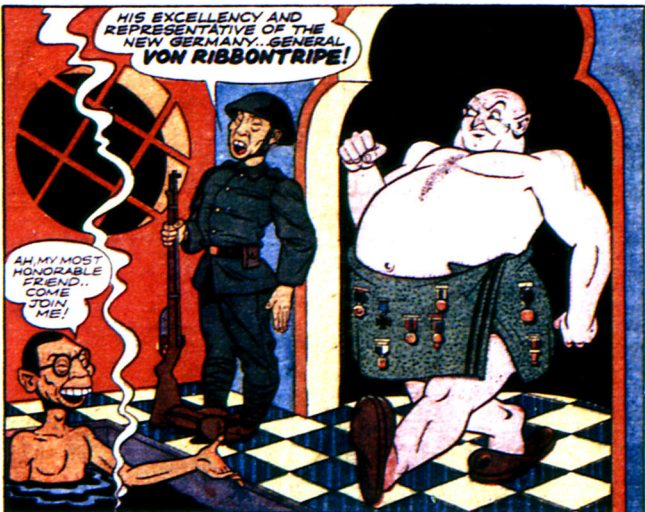
IN THEIR LAST ADVENTURE
THE DEATH PATROL THOSE
FIVE HURLTING HEROES OF
THE AIR LANDED IN JAPAN!
WELL, THEY'RE STILL THERE,
OPERATING FROM A SECRET
LANDING FIELD JUST
OUTSIDE TOKIO ITSELF!!

HONORABLE SIRS OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE
..TODAY IS THE DAY! THE WHOLE WORLD
TREMBLES AS THOSE TWO GREAT LEAD-
ERS OF OUR EXALTED NATIONS, GENERAL
VON RIBBONTRIPE OF GERMANY AND OUR
OWN EMPEROR MIKOCHEATO, ARE ABOUT
TO MEET! THEY WILL DISCUSS EVENTS
THAT WILL BRING
THE WAR TO A
SWIFT CON-
CLUSION!!

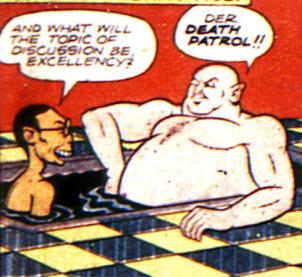


HIS EXCELLENCY AND
REPRESENTATIVE OF THE
NEW GERMANY..GENERAL
VON RIBBONTRIPE!

AH, MY MOST
HONORABLE
FRIEND..
COME
JOIN
ME!



AND SO THEY MEET...IN A TUB!



EDITOR'S NOTE...

IT IS A TRADITIONAL DIVERSION IN JAPAN TO SIT IN A TUB WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS AND DISCUSS CURRENT TOPICS.

JA, DER DEATH PATROL! DEY ARE KNOWN TO HAAFF A SECRET LANDING FIELD IN JAPAN! DEY MUST BE ELIMINATED AND I HAAFF A PLAN!



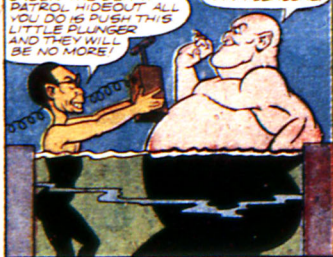
VE MOVE DE ENTIRE JAPANESE POPULATION TO DER CHINESE MAINLAND! DEN VE BLOW DER ISLAND OFF JAPAN OFF DER MAP!

THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY!



ONE OF MY SPIES HAS LAID DYNAMITE UNDER THE DEATH PATROL HIDEOUT ALL YOU DO IS PUSH THIS LITTLE PLUNGER AND THEY WILL BE NO MORE!

ACH I AM OVERWHELMED MIT PLEASURE!



BUT YOGI, THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE DEATH PATROL, HAS FOUND THE DYNAMITE AND HAS BROUGHT IT A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE HIDEOUT TO DISCARD IT JUST OUTSIDE THE ROYAL BATH-ROOM!

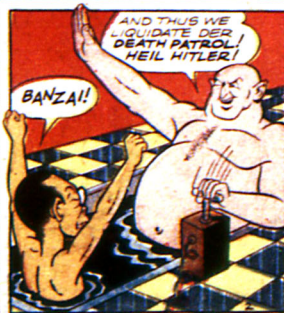
HOW CHILDISH THE JAPANESE ARE TO THINK A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE WOULD FINISH OFF THE DEATH PATROL!

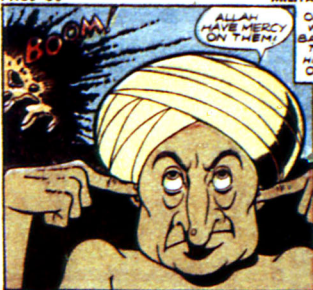
I'LL LEAVE IT ON THIS WINDOW SILL!



AND THUS WE LIQUIDATE DER DEATH PATROL! HEIL HITLER!

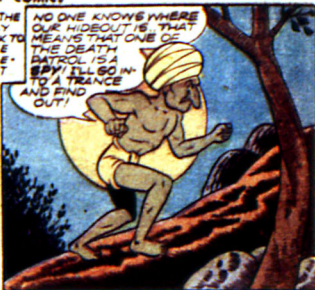
BANZAI!





ON THE WAY BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE OUR HIDEOUT IS. THAT MEANS THAT ONE OF THE DEATH PATROL IS A SPY! I'LL GO IN TO A TRANCE AND FIND OUT!



BACK WITH THE DEATH PATROL

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE CALLED YOU TOGETHER TO WITNESS THE EXECUTION OF.



YOU'VE KILLED GRAMPS YOU RATSKY! I MURDER YOU FOR THAT!

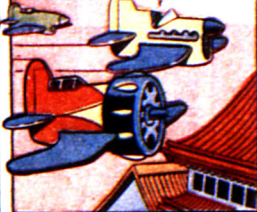
CALM YOURSELF BORIS...



THE MAN I JUST
KILLED IS MERELY
A PLASTIC SURGERY
DOUBLE OF GRAMP'S.
MENTAL TELEPATHY
INFORMS ME THAT
THE REAL
GRAMP'S IS A
PERSONAL PRISON-
ER OF TOJO.
FOLLOW ME AND
WE'LL RESCUE HIM!



MY SUPER DEVELOPED
HUNCH SENSE TELLS ME
THAT GRAMP'S IS BELOW
IN THAT PALACE SO
WE'LL LAND HERE!



GRAMP'S IS IN
HERE! BORIS
AND HOTINTOT
STAND GUARD
DELIC' MON
WITH ME!



HEY! YOU WERE RIGHT!
HERE'S GRAMP'S!

AND
THERE'S
TOJO!



WELL, IT'S
ABOUT TIME
YOU GUYS
CAME TO
THE RESCUE!

WHERE'S THE
DOCTOR WHO
PERFORMED
THE PLASTIC
SURGERY
OPERATION,
GRAMP'S?

THAT'S HIM!
HE'S TOJO'S
PERSONAL
PHYSICIAN!



WILL YOU PERFORM
A PLASTIC SURGERY
OPERATION ON
DEAD PAN TOJO
AND MAKE HIM
LOOK LIKE
THIS PHOTO-
GRAPH, OR
DO WE START
SHOOTING
?

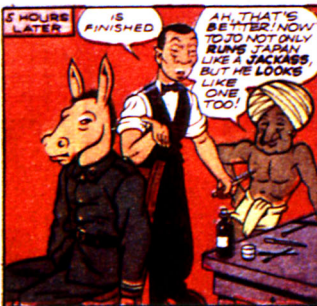
GULP!
WILL
DO!!



5 HOURS
LATER

IS
FINISHED

AH, THAT'S
BETTER! NOW
TOJO NOT ONLY
RUNS JAPAN
LIKE A JACKASS,
BUT HE LOOKS
LIKE
ONE TOO!



NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
See **2.**

PT Boat

MACARTHUR'S
BRILLIANT LAND VICTORIES
SMASHED THE SUPPLY LINES
OF THE JAPS IN THE SOUTH
PACIFIC ... BUT THE JAP
SUBMARINES CONTINUE TO
EXACT A TERRIBLE TOLL
FROM THE SMALL SUPPLY
SHIPS THAT PLY BETWEEN
THE ISLANDS.

WHERE ARE THOSE JAP
SUBMARINES GETTING THEIR
OWN SUPPLIES?
MTB SQUADRON No. 6
WILL PATROL THIS AREA
FOR THE ANSWER!

PAUL

PERRY

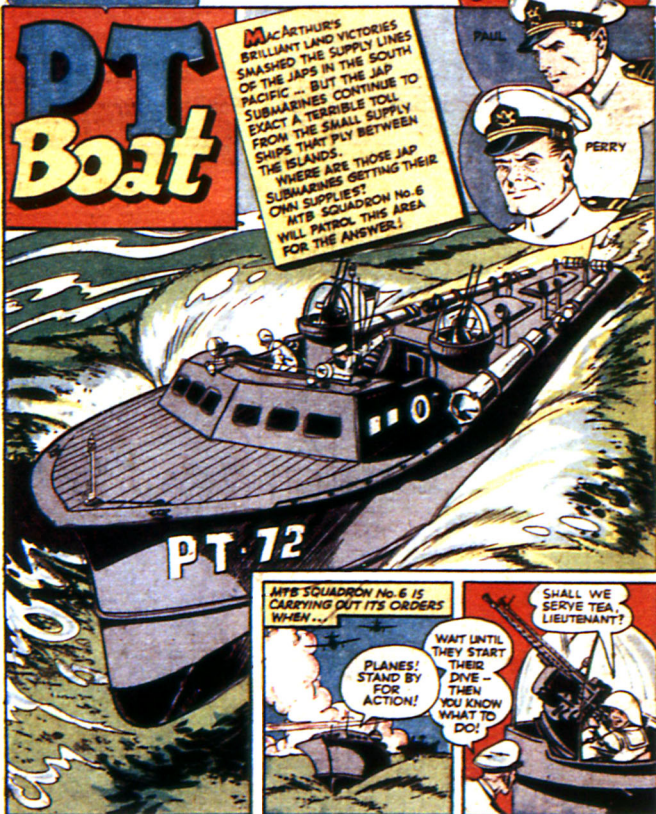
PT-72

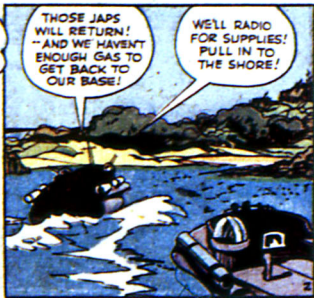
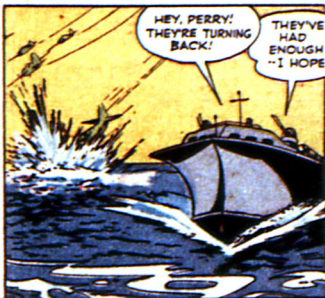
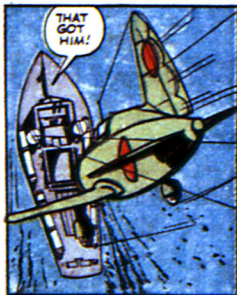
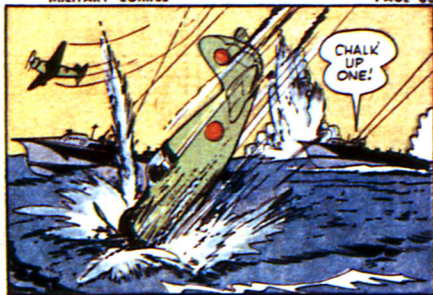
MTB SQUADRON No. 6 IS
CARRYING OUT ITS ORDERS
WHEN...

PLANES!
STAND BY
FOR
ACTION!

WAIT UNTIL
THEY START
THEIR
DIVE --
THEN
YOU KNOW
WHAT TO
DO!

SHALL WE
SERVE TEA,
LIEUTENANT?





THE PT BOAT'S MESSAGE IS RELAYED TO THE CAPTAIN OF A SMALL COASTWISE SUPPLY VESSEL...

NAVY ORDERS! A COUPLE OF THOSE OVERGROWN CANOES THEY CALL PT BOATS RAN OUT OF GAS!



ANY SEAFARIN' MAN WITH AN OUNCE OF SENSE COULD HAVE TOLD THOSE PT BOATS WEREN'T GOOD FOR NOTHIN' BUT PLEASURE CRUISING!

YOU GIVE ORDER TO CHANGE COURSE?

WE'LL LEND 'EM A HAND! THE POOR BOYS MEAN WELL! IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT THEY'VE GOT TO HOLD HELM ON A @#*!%@#! FLOATING DISHPAN!



SO SORRY! IT IS MOST NECESSARY WE DO NOT CHANGE COURSE!

PUT THAT GUN DOWN! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?



I AM CAPTAIN HADA OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE NAVY! A LITTLE MAKEUP DECEIVED YOU INTO THINKING I WAS A MERE HALF-CASTE ISLANDER!



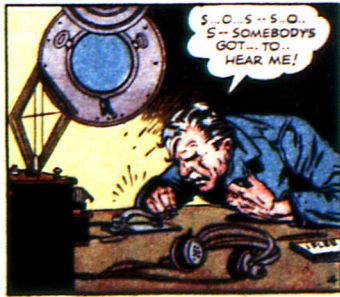
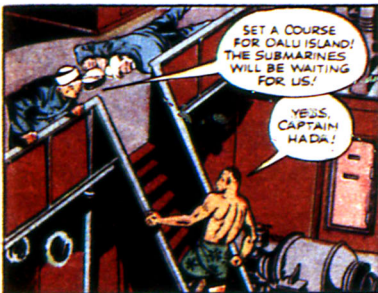
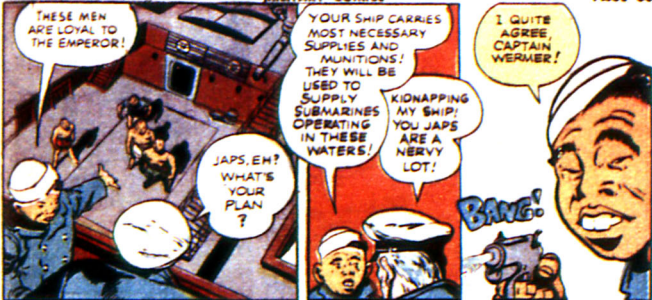
SO THAT'S THE WAY THE LAND LAYS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I DEAL WITH MUTINY!

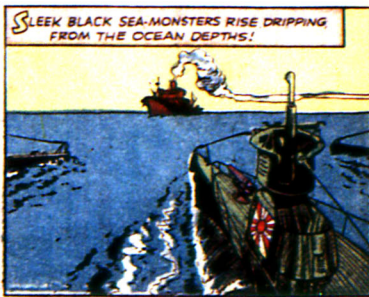
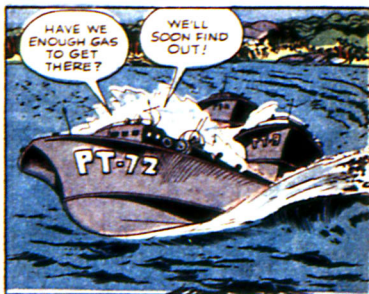


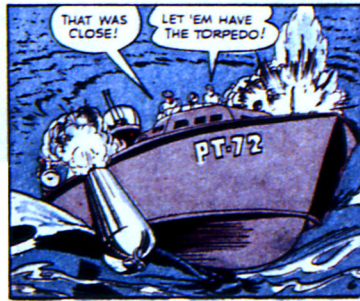
ALL HANDS ON DECK! THERE'S A @#\$%*!! JAP ABOARD!

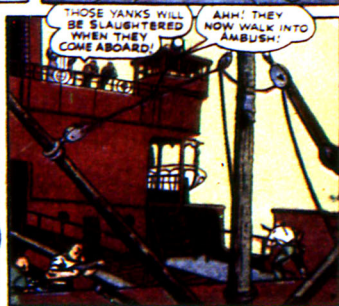
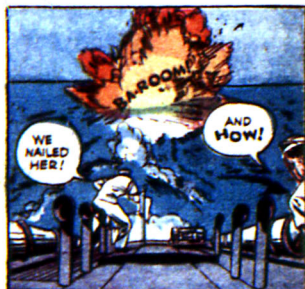
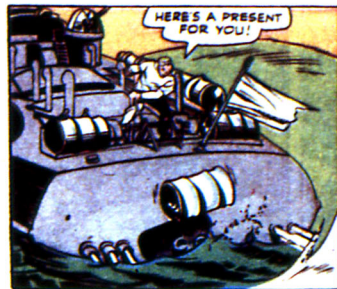
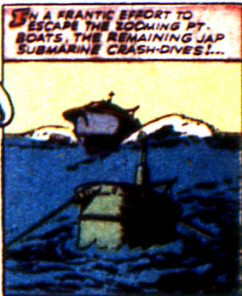
THAT WILL BE QUITE USELESS, CAPTAIN!

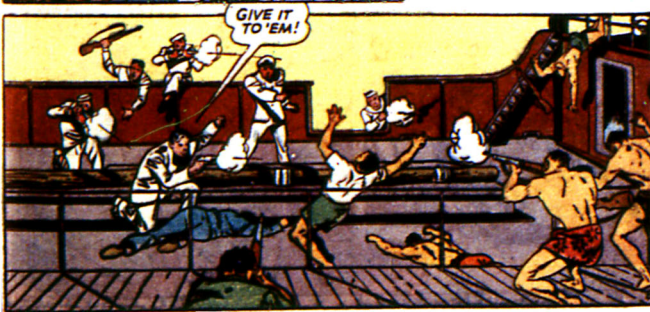














THE ARCTIC PATROL

IN HIS NAVY PHYSYAS FLYING BOAT LIEUT. DICK PARUNAK AND BERNIE BALCHEN SEARCH THE FROZEN NORTH FOR 13 ARMY FLYERS WHOSE FLYING FORTRESS HAS BEEN FORCED DOWN ON GREENLAND'S TREACHEROUS ICE CAP.

I SEE 'EM UP AHEAD BERNIE / PREPARE TO DROP THE SUPPLIES!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO RESCUE THEM BY AIR EVEN THOUGH NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO TAKE OFF FROM THE ICE CAP!

THERE'S A "DIMPLE" DOWN THERE! A LAKE FORMED OVERNIGHT BY MELTED ICE. WE'LL GO BACK, PICK UP A RESCUE PARTY, AND LAND HERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER THE PBY ROARS BACK, AND CARRYING BERNIE BALCHEN AND A RESCUE PARTY, LANDS ON THE DIMPLE.

-MADE IT!

ON SNOWSHOES DROPPED BY PARUNAK, THE ARMY FLYERS ARE GUIDED BACK BY THE RESCUE PARTY.

SO LONG DICK! WE'LL ROW ASHORE AND GUIDE THOSE MEN BACK TO BASE.

I'LL FLY OVERHEAD AND KEEP MY EYE ON YOUR PROGRESS!

WHEN WE GET NEAR A CREVASSE HE ZOOMS DOWN TO WARN US. THANKS TO THE NAVY WE'LL ALL BE SAVED!

THE SNIPER

by
H. H. H.



DEATH IS THE GREAT MOCKER! MIGHT IMPRESSES THE SOLDIER, POWER STRIKES TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.... BUT DEATH LAUGHS AT ALL THINGS! -- AND WHEN THIS GRIM LAUGHTER IS AIMED AT THE SAVAGE-HEARTED MONSTERS WHO CRUSH THE LIFE FROM A CONTINENT, THE SNIPER KNOWS THAT HE HAS RECEIVED THE COMMAND TO PERFORM HIS DUTY!! ...

BERCHTESGADEN...

DER SITUATION IN DER CONQUERED COUNTRIES ISS NOT SO GOOD! NO MATTER HOW BRUTAL OUR LOCAL FUEHRERS ARE, DEY CANNOT KEEP DER PEOPLE IN CHECK!

I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING TO MAKE OUR MEN MORE HARSH! DEY CAN NEVER BE BRUTAL ENOUGH FOR DOSE CONQUERED SCHWEIN!



I HAFF IT! I VILL HAFF A SPECIAL MEDAL MADE! IT VILL BE A BEAUTY UND DER "PROTECTOR" WHO DOES DER MOST EFFICIENT JOB ON HIS POPULATION GETS IT!



IN THE WORKSHOP OF FRANZ KELLNER...

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, MEIN FUEHRER... UND I KNOW DER BEST CRAFTSMAN IN CHERMANY TO MAKE DOT MEDAL! IT VILL KNOCK DER "PROTECTOR'S" EYES OUT UND DEN DEY KILL CZECHS UND NORWEGIANS UND FRENCHMEN BY DER TOUSANDS!!



IT SHALL BE DONE AS YOU SAY!

...UND IN DER CENTER OF DER GOLD MEDAL VE VANT A BIG SAPPHIRE, DER BIGGEST SAPPHIRE DOT CAN BE GOTTEN!



FOR MANY DAYS THE ANCIENT CRAFTSMAN WORKS ON THE MEDAL... AND THEN, LATE ONE NIGHT...

IT IS FINISHED! WHAT A MASTERPIECE! WHEN I HAVE FINISHED POLISHING IT, IT WILL GLISTEN LIKE A THOUSAND STARS!



BUT AS THE OLD MAN HOLDS THE MEDAL UP TO THE LIGHT AND GAZES INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SAPPHIRE...

AAAA-A! DEATH!!



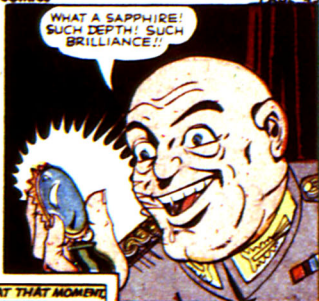
THERE IS A CURSE ON THE MEDAL! MY GRANDFATHER TOLD ME OF SUCH THINGS! I MUST WARN DER FUEHRER!





DER FUEHRER CALLS A MEETING OF THE JACKALS AND QUISLINGS HE HAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF CONQUERED NATIONS...





AND AT THAT MOMENT



QUIET REIGNS IN THE ROOM... BUT SUDDENLY...



YOUR BOSS IS THE
ONE I WANT AT
THE MOMENT!

I SAW DEATH
IN THE SAPPHIRE...
AND NOW THE SNIPER!
I MUST GET OUT
OF HERE!

SUICIDE WON'T DO
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING OF! I'M
GOING TO PUT YOU
THROUGH YOUR PACES
FIRST!

I WILL BE
DECORATED
FOR THIS!

BUT IN A DESPERATE LAST-DITCH EFFORT TO
SAVE HIS LIFE, HITLER'S PET TURNS ON THE SNIPER!

I WILL NOT DIE
AS EASILY AS YOU
THINK, SNIPER!

...AND AT
THAT
MOMENT...

A-ARRGH!

BANG

SAVE ME, SNIPER!
EVEN SHOOT ME!
BUT DON'T LEAVE ME
HERE! YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT THEY'LL
DO TO ME FOR THIS!

I DOUBT THAT
YOU CARED VERY
MUCH WHAT THEY
DO TO THE CZECHS!
NOW...YOU TRY
THE SAME
MEDICINE!

AFTER A COMPLETE REPORT HAS BEEN MADE TO DER FUEHRER...

MURDER IS RAMPANT IN THE CONQUERED COUNTRIES AS HITLER'S LACKEYS VIE WITH EACH OTHER FOR THE MEDAL.

ANYONE WHO IS SUCH A BUNGLER LIKE DER PROTECTOR OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA DOT HE LETS DER SNIPER COME NEAR HIM UND GET AWAY DERESVES TO DIE! NOW LETS SEE WHICH ONE OF YOU CAN PROVE THAT HE DERESVES DER MEDAL!

NORWAY

SHOOT A THOUSAND OF THOSE REBELLIOUS FARMERS!

YUGOSLAVIA

ALL RELATIVES OF THE CHETNIKS ARE TO BE BEHEADED AT ONCE!

HOLLAND

MACHINE-GUN EVERY ONE OF THOSE STRIKING DOCK WORKERS!

THE BEAUTIFUL SAPPHIRE MEDAL IS BESTOWED ON THE CHIEF "PROTECTOR" OF HOLLAND...



E-E-E-K! DEATH! THE GUARDS OF THE PROTECTOR OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA SAID HE EXCLAIMED DEATH WHEN HE LOOKED INTO THE SAPPHIRE! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE! IT...



SO YOU THOUGHT THE LIVES OF SEVERAL THOUSAND DOCK WORKERS WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR YOUR FUEHRER'S BAUBLE! SINCE YOU THINK LIFE IS SO CHEAP, PERHAPS YOU WILL NOT MIND LOSING YOUR OWN !!



NO, SNIPER! PLEASE DON'T KILL US!

I JUST WANTED TO WATCH YOU RATS DANCE TO THIS TUNE! HA-HA!



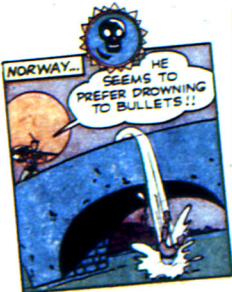
ONCE MORE THE MEDAL GOES BACK TO ITS DONOR



DER DUTCHMAN'S MEN SAID HE SAW DEATH IN DER SAPPHIRE! COULD IT BE DOT KELLNER WAS RIGHT? BAH! SUCH THOUGHTS ARE NOT FOR CHERMANS! I GIFF DER MEDAL TO DER NEXT BEST MAN! SOMEBODY ISS BOUND TO GET DOT SNIPER!!



BUT AS HITLER'S HOUNDS BRING DEATH TO THE PEOPLE THEY GOVERN, THE MEDAL BRINGS DEATH TO THEM...AND ALWAYS THE SNIPER IS ON HAND TO WATCH THEM DIE!



ONE BY ONE, DEY HAFF
DIED! DOT SNIPER! I
WOULD GIFF HALF UF
CHERMANY TO DER MAN
WHO COULD KILL HIM...
BUT VOT'S DER USE?

OUR
BELGIAN
PROTECTOR
WANTS TO
SEE YOU!



BELGIUM IS A SMALL
COUNTRY! IF I KILL TOO
MANY PEOPLE AT ONCE,
WHO WILL BE LEFT? BUT
IF YOU GIVE ME THE MEDAL,
MEIN FUEHRER, I WILL
DO MUCH BETTER!

NO! RIGHT NOW
NOBODY DESERVES
DER MEDAL! I AM
GOING TO PUT IT IN
DER BERLIN MUSEUM
...BUT IF EVER YOU
PROVE YOUR ABILITY,
MAYBE I TAKE IT OUT
UND GIFF IT TO YOU!



AND SO BELGIAN NAZI LEADER
KARL VAN ALPST MAKES AN
EARNEST ATTEMPT TO GET THE
MEDAL...

THOSE SUSPECTED
SABOTEURS ...WE'RE
NOT GOING TO BOTHER
ABOUT A TRIAL! ...
TAKE THEM OUT AND
HAVE THEM SHOT!

YES,
SIR!



AH... BUT IF KARL VAN
ALPST COULD ONLY GAZE
INTO THE SAPPHIRE DEPTHS
OF THE MEDAL AS IT RESTS
IN ITS CASE IN THE BERLIN
MUSEUM, HE WOULD TREMBLE
TO THE ROOTS OF HIS
UGLY SOUL...



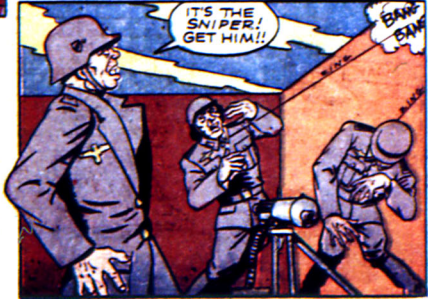
MOVE ALONG,
YOU DOGS!

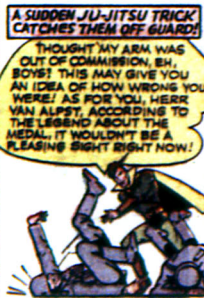


FIRE!



IT'S THE
SNIPER!
GET HIM!!





A MAD CHASE BEGINS...

JUST MADE IT! I'M GOING TO BERLIN! THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE WHERE I'LL BE SAFE! NOBODY CAN GET PAST DER FUEHRER'S GUARDS... NOT EVEN THE SNIPER!

YOU DIDN'T BY ANY CHANCE THINK I WOULD BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR COMPANY?

INHUMAN ONE! TEN THOUSAND DEVILS COULD NOT BE EVERYWHERE THE WAY YOU ARE!

THE CHASE GOES ON...

IT IS USELESS, VAN ALPST!

...UNTIL FINALLY, THE CHASE LEADS INTO THE HEART OF BERLIN!

IT IS LATE AND DARK IN HERE! I WILL BE ABLE TO HIDE UNTIL I CAN REACH THE CHANCELLORY!

I CANNOT RESIST, EVEN IF I HAD TO BREAK THE LOCK! I MUST WEAR THE MEDAL IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT!

MEANWHILE, THE SNIPER WANDERS THROUGH THE DARK MUSEUM...

IT'S SO DARK I CAN'T SEE MY HAND IN FRONT OF ME!

HITLER'S SAPPHIRE MEDAL! THE CAUSE OF DOOM FOR THOUSANDS! A WELL AIMED SHOT WILL SMASH IT FOREVER!

AGG-G-G-H!

WH-- WHAT ON EARTH...?

BANG

VAN ALPST! DEATH ITSELF LED HIM TO PUT ON THE MEDAL AND MARK HIMSELF FOR A BULLET IN THE DARKNESS! THIS WILL BE THE FINAL WARNING OF WHAT AWAITS HITLER AND THOSE WHO FOLLOW HIM!

LOOK FOR THE SNIPER AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

SAILOR DANNY

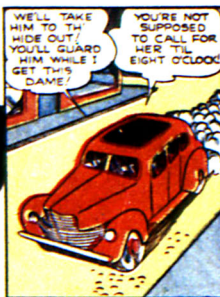


THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF LOS ANGELES, WHERE SAILOR DANNY'S SHIP IS DOCKED, IS GIVING A DANCE FOR THE NAVY!

EACH SAILOR DRAWS FROM A HAT, THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE LOCAL GIRL WHO IS TO BE HIS PARTNER.

AS OUR STORY BEGINS, IT IS THE AFTERNOON OF THE DANCE!





**AFTER NICKY THE RODENT
LEAVES...**

DO YOU
FELLOWS
KNOW YOU'RE
BREAKING THE
LAW?

SHADDUP!
...IF YOU TRY
ANYTHING, I'LL
BREAK
YOUR HEAD!
...AN' I'LL BE
SITTING RIGHT
HERE!



**BUT AS THE MINUTES
PASS, BILL'S HEAD
NODS... AND THEN...**

**ZZZZ
ZZZZ
SPUT ZZZZ**



**BOY... THIS IS A
LONG CHANCE -
-- BUT I'VE GOT
TO TRY IT...**

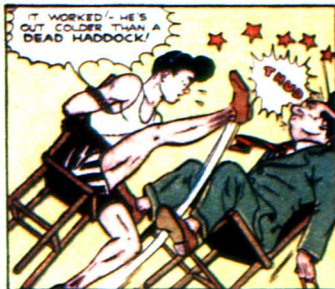
**ZZZ
ZZ!**

ZZ!

Z



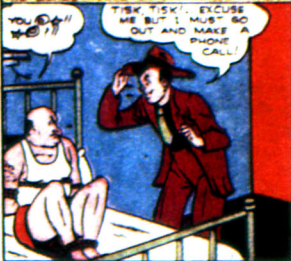
**IT WORKED! - HE'S
OUT COLDER THAN A
DEAD HADDOCK!**



**KNOCKING OUT A WINDOW, DANNY SAYS
HIS BONDS LOOSE ON THE GLASS - THEN**

**YOU S#!
*S#!**

**TISK, TISK! - EXCUSE
ME BUT I MUST GO
OUT AND MAKE A
PHONE CALL!**



MINUTES LATER...

**OPERATOR - GET
ME TANA LURNER'S
HOME... IT'S AN
EMERGENCY!**



HELLO?

**MISS LURNER -
THERE'S A MAN IN A
SAILOR SUIT ON
HIS WAY TO
KIDNAP YOU! HE'LL
BE THERE AT
EIGHT...**

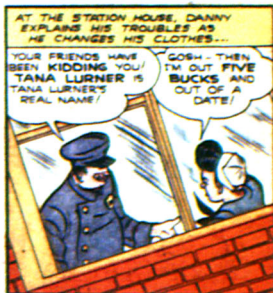
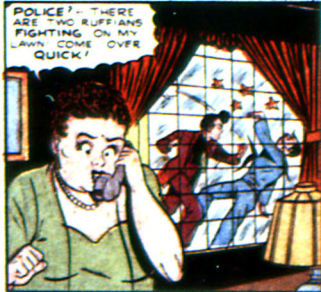


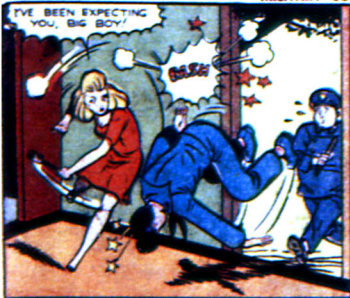
**--AND HE'S
A KILLER!
(CLICK)**

**HELLO--
HELLO--
HE'S GONE--
THIS IS
A GAS I'LL
BET!**











This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

FLYING FORTS BLAST BERLIN

In one of the great day-light bombing flights of this war Lieut. Charley Paine led a formation of Boeing Flying Fortresses on a raid over heavily defended Berlin. Forty of Germany's best fighters attacked Paine's Bomber and shot out two of his engines, destroyed half the controls, smashed the landing gear, ripped a rudder, stabilizer, and wing, poured 250 bullets into the fuselage. The crew of Paine's fortress fought on while he piloted the crippled bomber back to an English base.

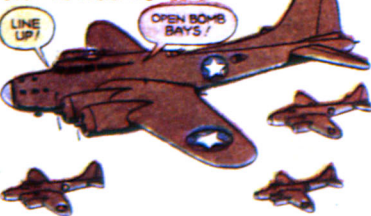
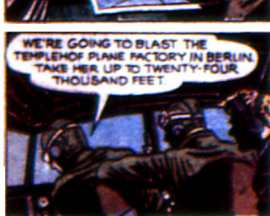


LIEUT. CHARLES PAINE

IN THE MISTS OF EARLY DAWN A GROUP OF AMERICANS PREPARE FOR THE TAKE-OFF.



THE AMERICANS ARE UNOPPOSED AND SOON ARE IN SIGHT OF BERLIN



BUT ON A NEARBY AIRFIELD
THE NAZIS TAKE TO THE AIR.

AMERIKANDERS! DON'T
THEY KNOW IT'S VERBOTEN
TO BOMB BERLIN?!

ACH! HIMMEL!
BELCH! THEY CAME
FASTER THAN WE
THOUGHT THEY
COULD!



HERE THEY
COME!



HOLY SMOKE! THEY
ARE GOERING'S OWN YELLOW
NOSE SQUADRON!



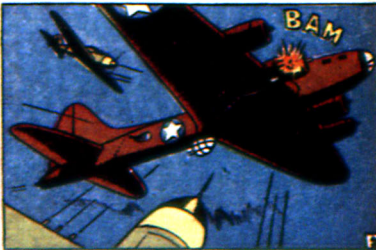
MACHINE GUN BULLETS AND 20 MM. SHELLS
TEAR INTO PAINÉ'S SHIP - BUNNER PURCELL
AND SERGEANT BOUTHILLIER HAVE THEIR
OXYGEN MASKS KNOCKED OFF!

AAAAH-

I CAN'T
BREATHE!



BAM



ONE OF
OUR FIGHT
MOTORS IS
KNOCKED OUT,
SIR!

WELL-WE'LL HAVE
TO DROP BEHIND THE REST
AND HEAD BACK TO
ENGLAND-IF WE CAN
GET THERE!

I'LL GLIDE TO A
LOWER LEVEL- THAT'LL
SAVE THE BOYS WITHOUT
OXYGEN!

THAT
HEINIE IS
RIDDLING OUR
TAIL!

TAIL GUNNER TAUCHER FIRES BACK
WHILE BULLET HOLES OPEN UP THREE
INCHES ABOVE HIS HEAD.

YOU'RE RIGHT IN MY
SIGHTS, NAZI!

GERMAN 20 MM SHELLS BURST INSIDE
THE BOMBER...

GOTCHA,
FRITZ!

BOOM

THE
PLANE'S OUT
OF CONTROL-PAINE
CAN'T GET HER
NOSE DOWN!

CO-PILOT LIEUTENANT ROBERT LONG
PUSHES FORWARD WITH PAINE TO
BRING THE NOSE DOWN /



MILITARY MACHINE
GUN BULLETS RP INTO
THE FUSLAGE ANOTHER
20 MM. SHELL LANDS
DIRECTLY ON THE UPPER
TURRET OF GUNNER
TOM COBURN.



OVER THE FRENCH COAST PAINE IS CONFRONTED BY A WALL
OF GERMAN FLAK.



C-CAN'T SEE ANYTHING
EYES...FULL OF...
BLOOD /



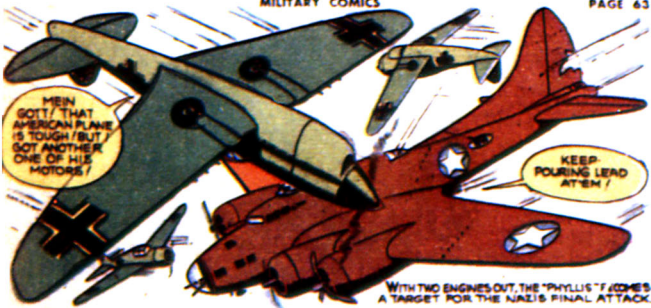
CAN'T
GO OVER
OR UNDER-GOT
TO GO
THROUGH /



GET THAT
FORTRESS / IT
IS DAMAGED
ALREADY
YET!



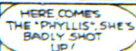
PHEW!
WE GOT THROUGH-
BUT SOME FOCKE-
WULFS ARE COMING
OUR WAY!



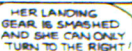
BALL TURRET GUNNER SHEEDER IS WOUNDED BUT STICKS TO HIS GUNS



OVER ENGLAND NAVIGATOR THOMPSON PLOTS THE NEAREST AIRFIELD.



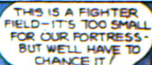
HERE COMES THE "PHYLLIS". SHE'S BADLY SHOT UP!



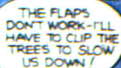
HER LANDING GEAR IS SMASHED AND SHE CAN ONLY TURN TO THE RIGHT!



HERE WE GO—HANG ON!



THIS IS A FIGHTER FIELD—IT'S TOO SMALL FOR OUR FORTRESS—BUT WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT!



THE FLAPS DON'T WORK—I'LL HAVE TO CLIP THE TREES TO SLOW US DOWN!



WE MADE IT! A PERFECT BELLY LANDING!



AND WE'LL BE BACK TO BLAST BERLIN AGAIN!

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ *Tinea Trichophyton* within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money; don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
865 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Captain TOOTSIE MONSTER MAN!



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS. GO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTZ! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.

